

A WILD RIDE.

The String Experience of a Kentuckian in the Cherokee Strip.

Terrible Scenes Witnessed in the Mad Rush for Land in the Newly-Organized Territory—Hard Times in Store.

Lieut. Arnold, who is attached to the staff of Gov. Brown, of Kentucky, recently arrived here from the Cherokee strip, where he was successful in securing a splendid claim, says the St. Louis Republic. On the memorable morning he made the run on a thoroughbred race horse he had brought there expressly for the purpose. Starting from a point four miles east of Hunnewell he had to ride sixteen miles south of a point known as Blackwell. He covered the distance in fifty-two minutes, accompanied by a "cow-puncher" thoroughly acquainted with the country. At least fifty well-mounted men were in hot pursuit for the same claim, but the lieutenant got there first. Several other Kentuckians were similarly successful in the same vicinity. Lieut. Arnold's quarter section of one hundred and sixty acres is one of the tibbits of the strip. It is close to the Shokasky river, and is a splendid tract of land, worth between two thousand and five thousand dollars according to experts.

Arnold is a sunburnt, sniveling-looking man of about forty. He said: "I was prepared for a tough experience, but, great heaven! not for what I saw and underwent. To begin with, thousands of men and women were kept forty-eight hours in the line endeavoring to register. The dust was simply awful. At the time the rush was made everyone was black, and unrecognizable. There was hardly a drop of water to drink, and washing was an impossibility. Fifteen thousand grimy human beings trod madly into the new domain, reminding me more of the maggots on a carcass than anything else. The sooner were in possession almost everywhere. Lots of them were shot, and I saw one rider hanged in short order. In my ride I noticed nearly twenty dead horses, and quite a number of dead and dying men."

"There was fighting and bloodshed enough to satisfy the worst of the bad men from Ditter creek. Not far from my claim two men were quarreling with drawing pistols, when a third interfered and endeavored to separate them. He got a shot through the wrist, and then the two proceeded to kill each other. I saw one fellow lying dead with a bullet wound in his neck, and another strangled, and when searched four hundred and fifty dollars was found on him. When I made the rush I wore mighty little and carried no arms, but I felt more comfortable when my Winchester was in my hands. The scenes after the rush were terrible. I saw two women who were burned by the prairie fire and the soldiers shot by the sooner. In fact, I have seen enough of that sort of thing to last me the rest of my life. Blackwell, the so-called Indian, who gave his name to the town site and owns every other lot in it, is a 'squeam' man. He put his hay up to one dollar a bale after the rush, but the boys went to him with a few double-barreled persuaders on their shoulders, and he was glad to get down to fifty cents after a brief discussion. They also made him stand by original prices for his town lots. I shouldn't be surprised if they were to hang him my morning."

"Well, I'm glad to get away from the strip awhile, although, now that the rain has come and the dust settled, there is not so much hardship. "It was fearful at first, especially for women, and I am afraid even now an awful winter is in store for many of the settlers. "My claim is disputed like all the rest, but I have a clear case. My papers are all right, and I expect to return in a month or so and commence improvements."

What Machinery is Doing.
One of the astonishing facts in the field of industry is the marvelous power of machinery operated by hand. In the cotton trade, in 1850, the average product of every employe was something less than \$700, while thirty years later he was able to produce a value of \$1,900, notwithstanding the reduced price of cotton. In the woolen factory the change was much the same, the hand of each worker being able as long ago as 1850 to make over \$1,200 of product, and in 1880 about \$1,800, the proportion of material consumed by improved machinery being about the same. How much the world is indebted to invention cannot be stated in tangible form, says the Journal of Finance, but with the strength of man remaining the same and the skill of the present artisan, though showing some advances, still not distancing that of the ancient Egyptian, the vast increase of human resources is due mainly to the influence of invention in discovering ways in which machines can do the work of men. The competition is no longer a competition of skill of labor, but that of invention, and in America we are far in advance of any other nation in this respect. A man who fifty years ago could turn out a value equal to a scant wage, now, at fairly good wages, is able to bring into being four or five or six times the value.

A Pretty Girl Station Agent.
Passengers over the Rumford Falls & Buckfield road always notice upon the platform at East Peru a plump and pretty girl who wears the regalia of the station agent. She wears a cap with gold lace and a brass shield, and on the shield "Station Agent." This is Miss Lillie Howard, and she has had charge of the station at East Peru for some time. She is attentive to her duties, the trainmen always have a smile and a pleasant word for her, and many a drummer vainly attempts to appropriate a share of her smile as the train whisks past. "Is needless to comment on the neatness of East Peru's station."

Attempts have been made to produce spider silk, but have failed, the ferocious nature of these insects not permitting them to live together in communities. Emma Goldman tells a New York interviewer that she loves nothing better than a bath. If Emma doesn't look out the anarchists will be reading her out of the party.

SHORTHAND NOW A NECESSITY.

It Has Become an Important Feature in the Business World of Large Cities.

The Bureau of Education at Washington has done a good piece of work, says the Boston Herald, in the monograph which has just been sent out from the government printing office on "Shorthand Instruction and Practice." In 1884 it published a circular of information on the teaching, practice and literature of shorthand. Twenty thousand copies were distributed and another edition of equal size has been exhausted.

The present work furnishes not only an account of shorthand in foreign countries and in the United States, but nearly the full statistics of instruction from 1889 up to the summer of 1891 in this country, with an account of the extent to which stenographers have been employed in courts, in legal decisions, and in other public services. There are thousands of shorthand societies in Germany, France and England, and in this country, whose work is to disseminate a knowledge of the art, and the introduction of shorthand into the public schools is to be one of the next steps in secondary education. The typewriter is next to shorthand as a labor-saving instrument, and the shorthand systems and the principal typewriting machines have already wrought a revolution not only in the courts but in the business offices, in the writing done for newspapers, and in every department of life where writing is indispensable. Until speed can be reached on the typewriter equal to that which can be obtained by expert stenographers, stenography will take the lead as a system by which the spoken word can be taken down exactly as it is uttered and made to serve the purpose for which it is designed. It is such an aid in all sorts of business transactions that we could no more go back to the old habits than we could go back to the stage coaches which fifty years ago conveyed our grandfathers across the country. In this country the number of persons receiving instruction in shorthand from July 1, 1889, to June 30, 1890, was 37,375, and of this number 23,335 were males and 14,040 females. All these were taught in schools and classes, and out of the whole number 7,298 were instructed by mail.

In 299 schools and classes in which shorthand was introduced during the scholastic year ending June 30, 1891, the number of persons taught orally was 4,150, which with those by mail made a grand total of 4,738. Of those taught orally 2,474 were males and 1,264 were females. This is as near a correct statement of statistics as Mr. Rockwell has been able to arrive at, and it shows the vast extent and use of shorthand instruction in this country in all the departments of life.

Stenography has come to stay, and typewriting has come to stay with it, and the two, combined with the telegraph and telephone, have been greatly instrumental in accelerating the progress of ideas and facilitating the methods of business and the production of literature.

ABORIGINES AND COPPER.
An Interesting Discovery of Tools in the Keweenaw Copper Mines.

A peninsula called Keweenaw point, jutting into Lake Superior from the southern shore toward the northeast, is famous as the center of a vast copper mining industry. Last year the mines produced no less than 105,588,000 pounds of refined copper, and it is estimated that during the next year the production will be increased by at least 30 per cent.

Mr. B. Hinsdale, who contributes to the latest bulletin of the American Geographical Society an article on the subject, has much that is interesting to say about the numerous prehistoric mines which have been found in this region, says the Scientific American. These ancient mines, judging from their extent, must have been worked for centuries. Who the workers were no one can tell. They seemed to have known nothing of the smelting of copper, for there are no traces of molten copper. What they sought were pieces that could be fashioned by cold hammering into useful articles and ornaments. They understood the use of fire in softening the rocks to enable them to break away the rock from the masses of copper. They could not drill, but used the stone hammer freely.

More than ten carloads of stone hammers were found in the neighborhood of the Minnesota mine. In one place the excavation was about fifty feet deep, and at the bottom were found timbers forming a scaffolding, and a large sheet of copper was discovered there. In another place, in one of the old pits, was found a mass of copper weighing forty-six tons. At another place the excavation was twenty-six feet deep.

In another opening, at the depth of eighteen feet, a mass of copper weighing over five tons was found, raised about five feet from its native bed by the ancients and secured on oak props. Every projecting point had been taken off, so that the exposed surface was smooth. Whoever the workers may have been, many centuries must have passed since their mines were abandoned. The trenches and openings have been filled up, or nearly so. Monstrous trees have grown over their work and fallen to decay, other generations of trees springing up. When the mines were rediscovered, decayed trunks of large trees were lying over the works, while a heavy growth of live timber stood on the ground.

STORY OF A LONG SLEEP.

And the Strange Disappearance of a Watermelon.

It was four o'clock on Sunday afternoon in the month of July. The air had been hot and sultry, but a light cool breeze had sprang up and occasional cirrus clouds overspread the sun, and for awhile subdued its fierceness. We were all out on the piazza as the coolest place we could find—my wife, my sister-in-law and I. The only sounds that broke the Sabbath stillness were the hum of an occasional vagrant bumblebee or the fragmentary song of a mockingbird in a neighboring elm, who lazily trotted a stave of melody now and then as a sample of what he could do in the cool of the morning or after a light shower, when the conditions would be favorable to exertion.

"Annie," said I, "suppose to relieve the deadly dullness of the afternoon, that we go out and pull the big watermelon to come over and help us eat it." "Is it ripe yet?" she inquired, sleepily, brushing away a troublesome fly that had impudently trotted on her hair.

"Yes, I think so. I was out yesterday with Julius, and we thumped it and concluded it would be fully ripe by to-morrow or next day. But I think it is perfectly safe to pull it to-day." "Well, if you're sure, dear, we'll go. But how can we get it up to the house? It's too big to tote." "I'll step around to Julius' cabin and ask him to go down with the wheelbarrow and bring it up," I replied.

Julius was an elderly colored man who worked on the plantation and lived in a small house on the place, a few rods from my own residence. His daughter was my cook, and other members of his family served us in different capacities.

As I turned the corner of the house I saw Julius coming up the lane. He had on his Sunday clothes and was probably returning from the afternoon meeting at the Sandy Run Baptist church, of which he was a leading member and deacon.

"Julius," I said, "we are going out to pull the big watermelon and we want you to take the wheelbarrow and go with us and bring it up to the house." "Does yer reckon dat watermillin's ripe yet, sah?" said Julius. "Didn't 'pear ter me 't went quite plunk enuff yestiddy fer ter be pulled 'fo' ter-morrow."

"I think it is ripe enough, Julius." "Sawing 'it' be a better time fer ter pull 'it, fah, 'en de night air an de Jew's done cool it off nice." "Probably that's true enough, but we'll put it on ice and that will cool it, and I'm afraid if we leave it too long some one will steal it."

"I spee's dat's so," said the old man with a confirmatory shake of the head. "Yer takes chances w'en yer pulls it, 'en yer takes chances w'en yer don't. Dat's a lot of pe' white trash round de heah w'at ain' none too good fer ter steal it. I seed some 'em 'loafin' 'long de big road on mer way home fum chu'ch jes' now. I has ter watch fum own chicken coop to keep chick'n's nuff fer Sunday eatin'. I'll go en git de 'w'elbarrow."

One of us might have been the first to open 'gin a tree he run inter. I did heah he onct went ter sleep while he wuz in swimmin'. He wuz floatin' at de time en come mighty nigh gettin' drowned befo' he woke free. Ole marse hearsed 'bout it en ferbid his gwine swimmin' 'enny mo', fer he said he couldn't 'ford ter lose 'im."

"One mawrin' Skundus didn't cum ter work. Dey look fer 'im roun' der plantation, but dey couldn't fin' 'im, en befo' de day wuz gone ev'body wuz sho' dat Skundus had runned away. "Dese days dere wuz a great howdy do about it. Nobody hadn't neber runned away fum Marse Dugal' befo', en dey hadn't ben a runaway nigger in de neighborhood for 'tee'er fo' years. De w'ite folks wuz all wukked up, en dey wuz mo' ridin' er hosses en mo' hitchin' up er buggies d'n er little. Ole Marse Dugal' had er lot er papers printed en stuck up on trees 'long de roads, en dey wuz sunnin' 'em in de newspapers—'free nigger fum down on de Wint'lon road read de papers ter some er han's—telli' 'em 'bout how high Skundus wuz, en w't kine er tee' he had, en 'bout a skrah he had on his left cheek, en how sleepy he wuz en offerin' a reward er one hundred dollars fer whoever 'nd ketch 'im. But none of 'em eber ootch 'im."

"One mawrin' 'bout er month later who a'd come walkin' out in de day 'wid his hoe on his shoulder but Skundus, rubbin' his eyes ez de hadn't got waked up good yet. "Dey wuz a great 'miration' 'mong's de niggers, en somebody run off ter de big house fer ter tell Marse Dugal'. Bimeby here come Marse Dugal' bimeby, mad as a hawnt, a-cussin' en gwine on like he gwine ter hurt somebody, but he wuz mo' 'shickled ter def ter git Skundus back ergin."

"What yer b'n run erway ter, yer good fer nuthin', lazy, black nigger?" sez 'e. "I'm gwine ter gib yer 'o' hundred lashes. I'm gwine ter hang yer up by yer thumbs en tak ev' bit er yer black hide off'n yer, en den I'm gwine ter sell yer ter de w'ite speculator w'at comes 'long buyin' niggers fer ter take down ter Alabama. W'at yer mean by runnin' er way fum yer good, kin' master, yer good fer nuthin' w'ool-headed, black scound'!"

"Skundus looked at 'im ez de didn't understand. 'Lawsd, Marse Dugal', sez 'e, 'I doan' know w'at yer talkin' 'bout. I ain't runned erway; I ain' be'n nohowar.' "What yer ben fer de las' month?" said Marse Dugal'. "Tell me de traf, er I'll hab yer tongue pulled out by de roots. I'll tar yer all ober yer en set yer on fish. I'll—I'll—' Marse Dugal' went on at a terrible rate, but ev'body knowed Marse Dugal's bark uz wuss'n his bite.

"Skundus look lack 'e wuz skeered most ter def fer ter heah Marse Dugal' gwine on dat erway, en he couldn't 'pear to understand w'at Marse Dugal' was talkin' erbout. "I didn't mean no harm by sleepin' in de barn las' night, Marse Dugal', sez 'e, 'en yer 'll let me off dis time I won' neber do so no mo'."

"Well, ter make a long story sho't, Skundus said he had gone ter de barn dat Sunday afternoon befo' de Monday w'en he couldn't be found fer ter hunt niggers, en wiles he wuz up dere de hay 'peared so soft en nice that he had laid down ter take little nap, dat it wuz de traf 'en he woke on four' hisse' all covered up whar de hay had fall over on 'im. A hen had built a nes' right on top 'n 'im, en it had half a dozen eggs in it. He said he hadn't stop fer ter git no breakfus, but said jes' suck one er two er der sigs en hurried right straight out in de fiel' fer he seed it was late en all de res' er de han's wuz gone ter work."

"Y'over a liar," said Marse Dugal'. 'en de traf ain' in yer. Yer b'n run erway en hid in de swamp somewhar er muder.' But Skundus swo' up en down dat he hadn't ben out'n dat barn, en finally Marse Dugal' went up to de house, en Skundus went on 'vid his wuk.

"Well, yer mought know dey was a great 'miration in de neighborhood. Marse Dugal' sent fer Skundus ter cum up ter de big house 'en dey had a talk 'an went up 'spee'n' fer ter ketch forty. But w'en he got dere Marse Dugal' had fetched up de Dr. Leach fum down on Koelfish en another young doctor fum town, en dey looked at Skundus' eyes, en felt of his w'ris, en pulled out his tongue, en hit him in de chis', en put dere years ter his side fer ter heah his heart beat, en den dey up'n made Skundus tell 'em he had when 'e wuz up. Dey staid ter dinner, en w'en dey got 'thoo' talkin' en 'satin' en drinkin' dey telled Marse Dugal' Skundus had had a cataracted fit en had 'en in a trance for 'fo' weeks. "Dis yer boy, Tom," said the old man, straightening out his leg carefully preparatory to getting up, "is jes' like his gran'daddy. I b'lieve of somebody didn't wake 'im up he'd a'ep 'til judgment day. Heah 'e comes now. Come on heah wid dat w'elbarrow, yer lazy, good-fellow round the house, de ladies and I in front, Julius next and Tom bringing up the rear with the wheelbarrow. We went by the well-kempt grapevines, heavy with the promise of an abundant harvest, through a narrow field of yellowing corn and then picked our way through the watermelon vines to the spot where the monarch of the patch had lain the day before in all the glory of its coat of variegated green. There was a shallow concavity in the sand where it had rested, but the melon itself was gone. "No Tales."

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